They had no sooner spoken, but straight appear'd in sight,
Three lusty Spanish Vessels, of warlike force and might;
With bloody Resolution, they thought our men to spill,
And vow'd to make a Prize, of our Angel Gabriel.

Then first came up their Admiral, themselves for to advance,
In her she bore full forty eight peices of Ordinance:
The next that then came near us, was their Vice-Admiral,
Which Shot most furiously at our Angel Gabriel.

Our gallant Ship had in her, full Forty Fighting men;
With twenty peices of Ordinance, we play'd about them then:
And with Powder, Shot, & Bullets, we did imploy them still,
And thus began the Fight, with our Angel Gabriel,

Our Captain to our Master said, take courage Master bold,
The Master to the Seaman said, stand fast my hearts of Gold:
The Gunner unto all the rest, brave hearts be valiant still;
Let us fight in the defence of our Angel Gabriel.

Then we gave them a Broadside, which shot their Mast asunder,
And tore the Best-part of their Ship, which made the Spaniards wonder:
And cauled them to cry, with voices loud and shrill,
Help, help, or else we sink by the Angel Gabriel.

Yet desperately they Boarded us for all our valiant shot,
Threescore of their best Fighting men upon our Decks was got.
And then at their first entrance, full thirty we did kill,
And thus we clear'd our Decks of the Angel Gabriel.

With that their three ships Boarded us again with might and main.
But still our noble English-men, cry'd out a Fig for Spain,
Though seven times they Boarded us at last we shew'd our skill,
And made them feel the force of our Angel Gabriel.

Seven hours this Fight continued, and many brave men lay Dead,
With purple gore, and Spanish blood, the Sea was coloured red
Five hundered of their men, we there outright did kill,
And many more were maim'd by the Angel Gabriel.

They seeing of these bloody spoils; the rest made hast a way,
For why they saw it was no boot, any longer for to stay,
Then they fled into Cales, and there they must lye still,
For they never more will dare to meet, our Angel Gabriel.

We had within our English Ship. but only three men slain,
And five men hurt, the which I hope, will soon be well again:
At Bristol we were Landed, and let us praise God still,
That thus hath blest our men, and our Angel Gabriel.

Now let me not forget to speak, of the Gift given by the Owner,
Of the Angel Gabriel.
that many years have known her,
Two hundered pounds in coyn & plate he gave with free good will,
Unto them that bravely fought, in the Angel Gabriel.